'TIS SAID
THAT ABSENCE
CONQUERS LOVE.

'Tis said that absence conquers love.
But oh! believe it not;
I've tried alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear---
As fix'd in this devoted heart,
As when I clasp'd thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same;
And when the wine-cup passes round,
I toast some other fair---
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove;
In vain! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
It's favourite bower to die;
So, lady! I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence, &c.

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